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# King Of My Dreams

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# KING OF MY DREAMS

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If they had worked,

Those droplets in her drink

-so well premeditated, I must say-

This whole thing would have been fine, fine, fine.

My tongue would have sunken its saliva into her prepubescent pores.

My fingertips would have felt every soft fuzzy hair down her lower back.

I'd have entered her body with the only thing I have large enough to make me proud

And she wouldn't have said a peep.

Not a single, loud, back throat echo-like humming,

Not an utter of a grunting yes, yes, yes

-certainly not any no, no no-

And I would have been king of my dreams.

No audience necessary, no applause,

Just me, me, me

with that little nymphet,

that concubine,

that harlot,

that makes my loins burn, burn, burn.